

When Will We Get Married? by OTTSTF

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Summary:

“People can get married when they love each-other. It’s like... like a promise. A very important one that absolutely should never be broken. That you’ll stick with that person for the rest of their life and yours, through everything.”

When Will We Get Married?

Author's Note:

I've been meaning to write something like this for a while.

This is inspired by a few stories. More than I can find and link (or remember the names of, honestly).

Bashed this out in about five minutes so there's likely some kind of error somewhere. Let me know if you find anything. :)

July, 1984

“Hop?”

“Yeah, kid?”

“What’re these people doing?”

The television rotates on the table, by command of El. Hopper doesn’t pay any attention to her use of telekinesis anymore; as long as she’s not hurting herself, she can do as she pleases.

“That’s... a wedding, kid. They’re getting married.” he tells her simply.

“Married?” she questions, reminding the man once again of her limited vocabulary.

“People can get married when they love each-other. It’s like... like a promise. A very important one that absolutely should never be broken. That you’ll stick with that person for the rest of their life and yours, through everything.”

El reflects on his words, remembering how Mike described the concept of a promise to her. Something you can never break. It sounds nice; she could only dream of having a life like that at some point.

“Will you get married?” she asks the man.

He huffs a small laugh. “Again?” he asks, looking to her. “I don’t think so.”

“You mean... you were?”

“Yeah... I was. Before things got... *complicated*.”

“Oh...” she wonders what he means by this, but doesn’t persist. Did he not just say that marriage is a promise that should never be broken? Why did he break his? Or did the other person break it? Either way, she hopes that he can find someone new to marry. He deserves it.

February, 1985

They’re in the cabin, sat on the sofa, watching TV. Their routine is relatively simple and common; El of course insisted that Mike get special priority in visiting at the cabin. He *had* been the one to take *her* in after all. He kept her safe to the best of his ability, so she had immediately began demanding that he be treated as part of their makeshift, small family.

So to much reluctance, Hopper had set terms with Mike that allow him to visit whenever he likes, as long as he doesn’t start to *actually* live with them. Safety methods were mutually agreed on by them both; Hopper must admit, Mike’s a smart kid. He didn’t have to say much for Mike to essentially complete what he wanted to say on his behalf. Mainly being that he take a different route each time, and be absolutely sure he’s not being watched or followed before he even considers coming close to the cabin.

So far so good, in Hopper’s opinion. As much as the kid *is* getting pretty close to practically living with them, Hopper, much to his own original surprise, doesn’t entirely mind it. He goes home at a set time, and ensures he’s still focused primarily on his own priorities, such as school. So, to keep the peace, Hopper just lets them get on with it.

They're well behaved; let them be kids whilst they can (how they can, after everything they've been through, is beyond him).

He's about to leave for work, having said his goodbyes to them both for the day. He grabs his hat, placing it atop his head, and is about to open the door, before he hears El's voice pop up out of nowhere.

“When will we get married?”

Her question is appropriately followed by a shocked spit out of Mike's drink; his eyes widened beyond what is probably healthy, his glance dancing between El and Hopper in shock, and a hint of fear when they persist on the man for a moment.

Hopper has never spun back around so fast in his life. For a brief moment, he honestly thought that they'd both spoken about this *before*, and he'd had no idea. He was outright ready to sit back down and have a good speak between the two, telling them to *slow the hell down*, but seeing Mike's reaction tells him that this is one of those times that El has shocked them both.

His eyebrows raise as he awaits Mike's response, now quite interested and amused at what Mike might say to this sudden question.

“You... *you want us to get married?*” he asks as if shocked by the concept. Hopper fails to hold back an eye roll; anyone within a thirty-mile radius could see that these two were set for life, as much as he too believed they were still far too young to be saying such things. But with what they'd been through, Hopper understands why they are like this. Which is why he's surprised that *Mike* is surprised.

“I thought... People who love each-other get married?” she questions his question.

Of course, the use of the all-important L word gets Mike smiling like a fool immediately.

“Most do... it's not *needed*, but I guess it's nice to make things... official, I guess.”

“Not needed?” El gazes at him, judging his words. “You... don't want to get married?”

“No! I mean, I... yeah, I think I... I *know* I’d... like to.” Mike begins to humorously stumble over his words as his gaze continues to flicker between El and Hopper, as if expecting the man to stroll over and drag him out by the neck.

“I just... can’t believe you already *know* you want that... *with me*.”

She eyeballs him for a moment, as if not believing what he’d just said “I’d never want to marry anyone else, Mike.” she tells him seriously. “We stick together forever, right?”

“Yeah...”

“We promise that we’ll always be here for each-other, no matter what?”

“Of course.”

“So... we should get married.”

Mike is dumbstruck. He clearly has no idea how to respond, so Hopper desides he can spare a few minutes to help the poor kid out.

“El, that’s not something you just assume.” the man starts, walking over to the sofa.

“I know you two are crazy for each-other; I know you’re both set for life, and with what you’ve been through, rightfully so. But marriage... Marriage is a big thing, El. You’re supposed to ask. In this case, *propose*.”

“Oh...” she ducks her head, reflecting on her father’s words. She takes a moment, before looking to Mike.

“Sorry, Mike.”

“No, no! It’s okay... you just... caught me off-guard. I...” the boy takes one last glance at Hopper, visibly gulping before letting his words continue.

“I’d *love* for us to get married, some day.”

The smile on El’s face following these words has Hopper feeling oddly happy for these two as well. So sure, so set. He could only wish that *all* relationships were *this* easy.

“Engaged at fourteen... Jesus Christ.” Hopper mumbles as he opens the door once again.

“Just you wait until Joyce hears about this one.”

Mike finds himself spitting out his drink once again.

Author's Note:

Oh, Mikey.

Oh, Ellie.

I hope you never change